

# The Mirror

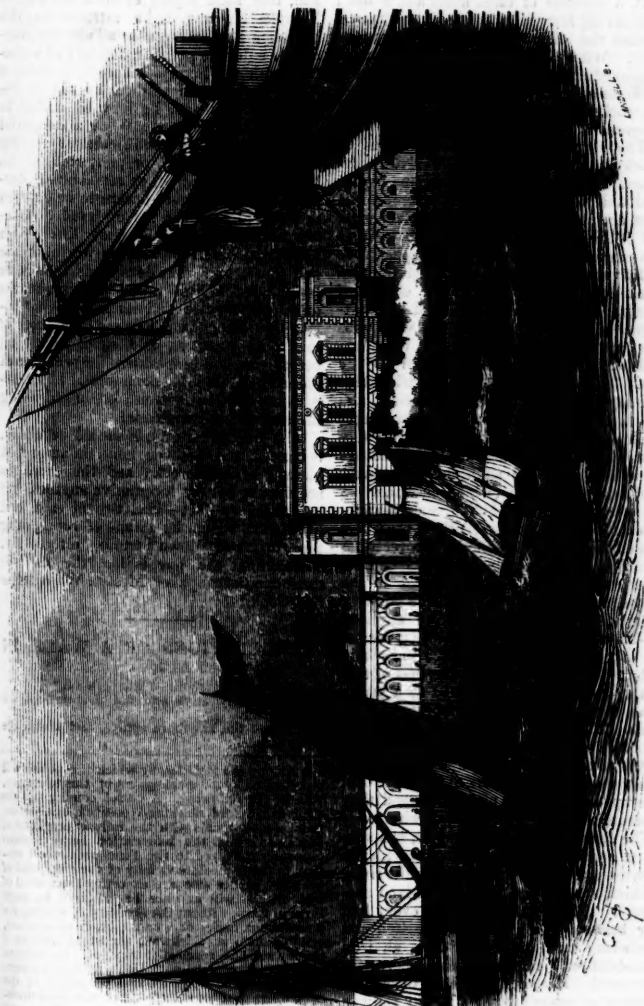
OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 1052.]

SATURDAY, MARCH 27, 1841.

[Price 2d.



THE RAILWAY TERMINUS AT BLACKWALL.

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## THE LONDON AND BLACKWALL RAILWAY.

### BLACKWALL TERMINUS.

THIS line of railway, at present, commences at a temporary station in the Minories, and extends to the Brunswick Wharf, at Blackwall, a distance of three miles and a half; thus saving four miles by the river Thames, besides the difficulties of navigating the Pool. When completed, the line will be continued across the Minories. The London terminus will be in Fenchurch-street: and the works of this extension are now in rapid progress.

The Engraving shews the terminus at Blackwall, as seen from the river. Its general arrangement is pleasing, and highly creditable to the taste of the designer, Mr. Tite, architect of the New Royal Exchange, and of this Railway. The elevation consists of a rusticated basement, and an upper floor with five windows; and is crowned by a bold block cornice, of Roman Doric character. The basement has square-headed compartments, which are entirely filled with windows resembling Venetian ones, the spandrels within the heads being glazed like the rest. The upper windows have triangular and segmental pediments, alternately, and also rustic blocks on their jamb-mouldings; besides which, they rest here immediately upon the plinth over the cornice-mouldings of the basement. In addition to this principal centre structure, (which measures 105 feet in length, by 45 in height, and is chiefly executed in Portland stone,) there are wings on each side of it, and considerably receding from it; and each wing consists of nine arches, making the entire frontage to the river about 400 feet. The centre building contains, on the ground-floor, a spacious pay-office, besides convenient waiting-rooms, and others for the police; while the whole of the upper floor, with the exception of two waiting-rooms, is appropriated to a warehouse for the examination of steam-boat goods. The wings contain the arrival and departure sheds, comprising three lines of rails, and covered by a light iron roof; the arches are filled with doors of imitative oak, with upper panels of plate-glass, and they communicate with the adjoining wharf.

The Brunswick Wharf, or Pier, is a substantial and handsome embankment, with two large flights of stairs descending to the river, at which steam-boats receive and land passengers. Already steamers run every half hour between this pier and Charlton and Woolwich; and, in a few days, an iron steam-boat will regularly leave here for Gravesend. Hereafter, we hope to see this system of steam communication, by railway and boat, extended to other places on the river and coast, so as to avoid the delay in

the Pool, which is, at present, the very *ennui* of a steam-trip from the metropolis.

Nor must we omit to notice the contiguity of the Brunswick Wharf to the celebrated tavern of the same name, "a locality of high repute among the city Apicii and connoisseurs in gastronomy," says the *Companion to the Almanac*: to which we may add, that such repute extends far west of Temple-bar, and alike attracts to this neighbourhood the *gourmand* and the *gourmet*, to enjoy its peculiar delicacy of white-bait, with the luxurious accompaniment of cold punch. And thither, by aid of the Blackwall Railway, he may be wafted in less than ten minutes! What a delightful association of *otium cum rapiditate*! Having arrived at the wharf, or pier, nothing can be more invigorating, or repellent of dyspepsia, than the river-breeze to be enjoyed in a few turns along the esplanade. *Quocunque aspicias*, all is busy life. With London, the metropolis of the world, on the one hand, and the dockyards that have contributed to this proud position, on the other; Greenwich and its magnificent palace hospital; the Thames, its forests of masts, its steamers, and small craft; all before you, and bespeaking the wealth and industry of this great commercial nation;—who can lack enjoyment; or, in glorifying the end, forget the means?

The line of railway, it should be added, is carried, nearly throughout, on an arched viaduct of brickwork; and the carriages are drawn, not by locomotive engines, but by stationary ones—viz., two at each end of the line, which, by means of ropes, drag the up and down trains alternately. Throughout the line is laid the electromagnetic telegraph of Messrs. Wheatstone and Cook.\*

## RECOLLECTIONS OF A WALK IN APRIL.

'TWAS a fair April morn—I wander'd on  
Through lonely ways and old field-paths—the  
breeze  
Just stirr'd the hawthorn sprays, and kissed the  
flowers

\* Among the facilities by which the public will be benefited by the employment of this telegraph, will be the following:—A vessel coming up the river can, before reaching Woolwich, easily communicate by signals with the railway terminus at Blackwall; and the information being instantaneously conveyed to the Fenchurch-street station, in the immediate vicinity of the great seat of business, parties who are expecting the arrival of their friends will at once be prepared to meet them in town, without the necessity of waiting for hours about docks or wharfs; or, if so inclined, can join them at Blackwall, almost as soon as if the vessel had reached that point. In case of steam-boats, especially, this will be of advantage; as there can be no doubt that the whole of the passengers by these vessels will at once avail themselves of the railway, to avoid the tedious, and sometimes dangerous, navigation of the Pool.—*Railway Times*.

With soft and balmy breath, the while there fell  
The sunlit rain-drops, bright as childhood's tears,  
That as it weeps smiles through its little griefs.  
In happy idleness I linger'd on—  
The tinkling team and ploughman's measured  
chant,  
And that first myst'ry of the wandering boy,  
The startling cuckoo and the thrush's song  
Blended in soothing harmony;—young lambs  
Were blithely sporting in old pasture meads—  
And one, the first gold-spotted butterfly,  
Rest'd a moment on a sunny bank,  
And spread his new-born wings on blue-starr'd  
flowers  
And violets laden with perfume.

Still on  
I loiter'd till I cross'd a rugged stile,  
Carv'd deep with names and dates by rustic hands,  
Long dropp'd to dust and lost in nothingness.  
So dreams the unbeliever, so the fool  
Would vainly hope—but e'en the humblest Christian  
Knows that each atom has been register'd  
By One whose word falls not—bone knit to bone,  
Sinew to sinew strung, re-form'd, recloth'd,  
In His good time shall rise.

'Twas a still spot—  
Rows of young foliaged elms and sycamores  
Hung o'er the turf within—a burial-ground—  
Whole generations there lay side by side,  
And jealous care held each peculiar tract  
Where all might tell their own—where lingering  
friends

On each church-going day would stay and muse,  
And point the grassy mounds each one by name.  
Low hung the branches of an aged yew  
In solemn shades—yet the bright-feather'd gold-  
finch

There dwelt secure—unharm'd, unfearing harm,  
Like hope triumphant 'mid the gloom of death.  
Deep, dull and heavy fell the stroke of tools  
That wrought untravell'd earth; and moving on,  
I saw beyond the church an ancient man,  
Time-worn and bent, he was digging a grave;  
And as he dug, his eyes fill'd fast with tears,  
The which he brush'd away.

"Good morrow, friend,  
Yours is a heavy task—indeed, a sad one,  
Beyond your seeming strength."—He scarce  
look'd up,  
But leaned him on his mattock.—

"I'd be 'shamed  
To drop a tear for labour—'tis my lot,  
Time past it was my pride.—No truly, sir,  
'Tis that I'm stretching out a narrow bed  
For a dear friend—my only one save God."—  
And here he reverently touch'd his brow,  
And dash'd away a full and brimming tear  
That fell, and sparkled on a blade of grass—  
And gathering up his utmost strength again  
He stoop'd and toil'd to form the deep'ning grave.

His task was strange—"A friend? hadst thou a  
friend?"

I heedless thought aloud.—He rais'd his head  
And gazed on me with a lack-lustre eye.—  
"Ay, sir, you gentles little know the poor  
To think a friend is nothing but a name:  
A true warm heart was his—that only friend—  
But he is gone! God's will be done!—is gone!  
The mattock's stroke cleaves through my very  
heart:  
For forty years I've toll'd and 'tended here—  
For forty years I've turn'd this burial ground,  
And many and many a grave I've hollow'd out  
For old and young, gentle as well as simple,  
And none could give my work a sloven's name,  
'Twas done and finish'd as it should—but now..."

"Friend, thou art faint!"—said I—"my younger  
arm  
May ease thy toil—here sit and rest awhile—  
Fain would I share thy work of Christian love  
For very friendship's sake."

He shook his head—  
"Were it another's, gladly would I rest,  
And thank you for it too—but *this*—ah! me!  
*This* I must hew myself, and turn the mould,  
Each shovel full unhelp'd;—'tis the least kindness—  
So will I smooth his lonely pillow down.  
To-morrow's awful bell wakes him no more—  
God rest his soul! his body will sleep sound  
Where I have fix'd his bed—no careless foot  
Treads on this quiet spot—this sapling tree  
Will mark his head far better than a stone.  
The morning's sun will touch his grave betimes;  
He loved the morning's light—up with the lark—  
Out with the earliest bee—wise as the ant—  
A son of labour—happier than a king—  
We two work'd side by side for many a year  
In those broad fields you see."

He turn'd abrupt  
As loth to parley further, and I left him.  
Yet lingering homewards, oft I paus'd to hear  
The mattock's stroke, and watch that lonely man  
At friendship's latest office—many a time,  
When bitter griefs are mock'd by seeming friends  
That wear a mask as hollow as their hearts,  
Empty and glittering, like a painted bubble  
That at a breath will vanish, do those words  
Of the old man recur in simple truth:  
"Ay, Sir, you gentles little know the poor,  
To think a friend is nothing but a name." F.

## CHUSAN.

(Continued from page 179.)

On the morning after the attack by the  
British, the desertion of the place became  
visible from the heights; and through the  
long vistas of the valleys, thousands of per-  
sons were seen flying, carrying their goods  
and chattels along with them. The bridge  
across the outer ditch having been demo-  
lished the previous evening, the troops were  
brought to a momentary halt; the great  
gate of the town, too, was found to be bar-  
ricaded, and the wall which surrounded  
the city to be of great strength. It was,  
however, soon scaled, and in a few minutes  
the banner of England was floating over  
the Chinese city of Tinghai; the ramparts  
were found strewn with pikes, matchlocks,  
and arrow-headed fire-rockets; and on the  
parapets were also found packets of quick-  
lime, prepared by the Chinese to throw into  
the eyes of the enemy in their attempt to  
mount the walls.

On entering the town, the main street  
was nearly deserted, except where the af-  
frighted people were performing the Kow-  
tow (a salute); on most of the houses was  
placarded, "Spare our lives;" and in the  
joss-house were seen men, women, and chil-  
dren burning incense to the gods.

At length, the British (a few of the staff,  
with an interpreter,) reached the Chum-  
pin's house: here, in the room of justice,  
thumb-screws and rattans were seen lying  
about; around an open court were the offices  
of the government clerks, some letters and  
papers half-finished, shewing the haste in  
which the town had been evacuated. Be-  
yond this court, a guard-house and a trel-  
lised walk, was the Hall of Ancestors,  
wherein lay on the couches, pipes half-

smoked, little cups filled with untasted tea, cloaks, mandarins' caps, and swords. Adjoining the Hall were the ladies' apartments, strewed with silks, fans, china, little shoes, crutches, and paint-pots—the articles of a Chinese lady's toilette; and many of these fairy shoes were appropriated by the officers as lawful *loot*, or plunder.

Before sunrise, next morning, a fire broke out in the suburbs, in some large ware-houses stored with samshee, a spirit resembling whisky, extracted from rice: it burst out in a sudden flame, and soon communicated with some tubs of ammunition, which went off in loud explosions; the whole place became flooded with the spirit, which blazed out in volumes of light.

On board the Champin's junk were found five wounded men, who had been unable to escape; the decks were covered with clotted blood, and the Admiral's papers, bowls, and chopsticks, were found in the cabin, where he had taken his last meal.

The town of Tinghai, or Tinghai-eeen, lies at the mouth of a valley, or rather gorge, embosomed in luxuriant paddy, except towards the rear, where is a beautiful hill. The whole place is encircled with fortifications, and the neighbouring heights are clothed with wild shrubs, most of which are tea-plants. The wall is about 16 feet in thickness, and 20 feet in height, and has four gates; and surrounding it, except at the north-west angle, is a canal, which serves as a ditch to the fortification. Two powder-magazines were found neatly packed and filled with ammunition, and with implements for the manufacture of powder: on the walls were mounted gingalls and cannon of various calibres, but none exceeding a nine-pounder; and wall-pieces with shifting breeches, each having eight or nine spare breeches attached to it, ready loaded.

"The streets are narrow, and many of the houses dry-rubbed, and polished outside; but the roofs are the most picturesque part of the buildings. Many of the respectable houses have pretty gardens attached to them, with a high wall shutting them out entirely from the town. The interior of some of the houses were found beautifully furnished and carved; one that is now inhabited by the governor, and believed to be the property of a literary character, was, when first opened, the wonder and admiration of all. The different apartments opened round the centre court, which is neatly tiled; the doors, window-frames, and pillars that support the pent-roof, are carved in the most chaste and delicate style, and the interior of the ceiling and wainscot are lined with fret-work, which it must have required the greatest nicety and care to have executed. The furniture was in the same keeping,

denoting a degree of taste the Chinese have not in general credit for with us. The bed-places in the sleeping apartments of the ladies were large dormitories, for they can hardly be called beds: at one corner of the room is a separate chamber, about eight feet square and the same in height; the exterior of this is usually painted red, carved, and gilt; the entrance is through a circular aperture three feet in diameter, with sliding panels; in the interior is a couch of large proportions covered with a soft mat and thick curtains of mandarin silk: the inside of the bed is polished and painted, and a little chair and table are the remaining furniture of this extraordinary dormitory. Many of the public buildings excited great astonishment among those who fancied they were in a half-barbarous country. Their public arsenals were found stocked with weapons of every description, placed with the greatest neatness and regularity in their different compartments; the clothes for the soldiers were likewise ticketed, labelled, and packed in large presses; and the arrows, which from their size and strength drew particular attention, were carefully and separately arranged. To each arsenal is attached a fire-engine, similar to those used in our own country. The government pawnbroker's shop was also a source of interest; in it were found dresses and articles of every kind, evidently things belonging to the upper as well as to the lower classes, for many of the furs here taken were of valuable descriptions; each article had the owner's name attached, and the date of its being pawned: this is another of the plans of the local government for raising their supplies."

The town is intersected with canals, which run at the back of many of the principal streets, and communicate with the suburbs and port. Lord Jocelyn considers the jos-houses of Tinghai to be surpassed by none in China. In the great temples, some of the figures are upwards of 15 feet high: one of the smaller images was the figure of a woman, with glory round her head, and a child at her breast, which Lord Jocelyn conjectures may have been taken from pictures of the Virgin, which the Chinese formerly obtained from the Jesuit missionaries. A white elephant was likewise much noticed, it being hitherto known only as a figure of worship in Birmah and Siam.

Very few women were found in any of the houses; although, as it afterwards appeared, whole families of Chinese were then residing in the town, locked up in their dwellings; and were not discovered until the ulterior occupation of the city by the troops for winter quarters. All the women seen here had the little feet, which, to the south, characterize the higher orders;

and they made use of a crutch when walking. Many of the silks taken in the houses of mandarins and persons of wealth were magnificently embroidered.

We have but space to refer briefly to the further proceedings of the Expedition. It appears that on July 8th, Admiral Elliot placed a close blockade upon the harbour of Ningpo, a city of great wealth and trade, situated on the main land opposite the island of Chusan. Captain Boucher had been previously dispatched in the *Blonde*, 46, to Amoy, a flourishing city further south, on the Fokeen coast; where, from the great strength of the masonry, the British were unable totally to dismantle the fortifications, although they severely chastised the Chinese for firing on their boat, bearing a flag of truce. "The Chinese are described by those engaged here to have shewn no want of personal courage; nor did it appear that any imputation could be cast upon them at Chusan, where our force was so infinitely superior, and their defences so utterly puerile."

The Ningpo harbour was much admired for its natural strength. The entrance lies between two hills, three or four hundred feet high: on the summit of the left was a small tower, and on the slope of the other were the tents of the soldiery. The town of Ching-hai is surrounded by a strong wall, but no advantage has been taken of the position.

On the 18th, Lord Jocelyn accompanied a party into the interior of the island, to recover a native compradore, (purveyor,) attached to our commissary's department, who had been carried away by the country people. After traversing for some miles a luxuriant sea of paddy-fields, the way wound up the side of the mountains, through a lonely pass: the path was here cut into easy flights of steps, and such passages are numerous throughout the island. The surrounding hills were covered with the tea-plant, cotton, dwarf-oak, and a species of arbutus, rich with its red fruits; whilst their lofty summits were clad in bright green pasture. The long valleys seen from the ascent stretched from the mouths of the different ravines, some lost in the many windings in the hills, whilst others again swept down to the sea-shore, laden with luxuriant crops of rice, bending to the morning breeze; and far away, over the curious buildings of Tinghai, the British fleet lay anchored on the sleeping water. The sides of the hills were dotted with clumps of trees, whence peeped the roofs of houses and temples. "Amongst many of the beautiful groves of trees which here invite the wanderer to repose, spots are selected as the resting-places of mortality; and gazing on these tranquil scenes, where the sweet clematis and fragrant flowers

help to decorate the last home of man, the most careless eye cannot fail to mark the beauties of the grave."

### LOVE AND AMBITION.

LOVE built a fair bower the blue sea a-nigh,  
Ambition, a tower that soar'd to the sky;  
The bower was of roses, the tower was of stone,  
And Fancy supposes each lived there alone.

The waves rose in anger, resistless their power,  
They wash'd down the castle, they swept off the bower;  
But the roses danced lightly the broad billows o'er,  
While the battlements sunk, and were never seen more.

Love laughed at the wreck of that tempest so wild;  
'Twas not the first ruin o'er which he had smiled:  
"Behold us both houseless, good neighbour!" he cried,  
"Thus time mocks the work of man's pleasure or pride."

But over the waters for many a day  
The relics of love ever honour'd will stray;  
While little the stranger shall care or shall know  
What heaps of ambition lie buried below.

*American Journal.*

### LITERARY WORLD.—VI.

#### MR. THOMAS HILL'S AUTOGRAPHS.

A FEW days ere the year 1840 was consigned to the grave of time, the town lost one of its choicest spirits, and humanity one of her kindest-hearted sons—in the death of Thomas Hill, Esq.—"Tom Hill," as he was called by all who loved and knew him. His life exemplified one venerable proverb, and disproved another: he was born in May, 1760, and was, consequently, in his 81st year, and "as old as the Hills," having led a long life and a merry one. How he attained this longevity is hard to tell; but we are informed that his hospitality was well-regulated, that he did not, like Bannister, sit up at nights to watch his constitution, but that he was a remarkably early riser; "and, perhaps, to this cause may be attributed the cheerful and green old age that he enjoyed." So speculates his biographer in *Bentley's Miscellany*; but we incline rather to attribute this rare instance of convivial long life to Hill's *gaieté de cœur*, to his healthy mind, and to the current of benevolence that constituted his life-blood, and the genial warmth of sentiment that shone round his very heart. He enjoyed the appellation of "the Merry Bachelor;" but he was merry and wise. Yet his life was chequered with adversity: it had its cares and crosses: he was, for many years, extensively engaged in business; but, about the year 1810, having sustained a severe loss by a speculation in indigo, he retired upon the remains of his property to his chambers in the Adelphi,

where he died on December 20, it is stated, from a severe cold taken in a damp bed at Rouen, during the autumn, from which he never rallied. "He died without a struggle, breathing his last as if falling in a tranquil slumber. His death was but the quiet repose of exhausted nature, her works were worn out, and ceased to act. His physician's remark to him was, 'I can do no more for you—I have done all I can. I cannot cure age.'"<sup>\*</sup>

We need scarcely remind the readers of *The Mirror* that Mr. Hill was the *Hull* of his friend, Mr. Theodore Hook's clever novel of *Gilbert Gurney*, beyond comparison the best book of its class produced in our time. It is also related that Hill furnished Mr. Poole with the original of his humorous character, Paul Pry; but this statement is very doubtful, for Paul Pry; if we mistake not, is of French extraction. It is, however, more certain that "pooh! pooh!" and other habitual expressions of Mr. Hill's, may have been introduced by Mr. Poole into the character. "Mr. Hill," it may here be added, "had the *entrée* to both Houses of Parliament, the theatres, and almost all places of public resort. He was to be met with at the private view of the Royal Academy, and every kind of exhibition. So especially was he favoured, that it was recorded by a wag that, when asked whether he had seen the new comet, he replied, 'Pooh! pooh!' I was present at the private view!"<sup>†</sup>

Mr. Hill, to borrow from Mr. Hook's portrait, "happened to know everything that was going forward in all circles—mercantile, political, fashionable, literary, or theatrical; in addition to all matters connected with military and naval affairs, agriculture, finance, art, and science—everything came alike to him." Such a man was, of course, sure of success as a "collector" of literary curiosities: even while in business as a drysalter at the unlettered Queenhithe, he found leisure to accumulate a fine collection of old books, chiefly old poetry, which afterwards, when misfortunes overtook him, was valued at six thousand pounds! Hill was likewise a *Mecenas*: he patronized two friendless poets—Bloomfield and Kirke White. *The Farmer's Boy* of the former was read and admired by him in manuscript, and was recommended to a publisher; after which Hill rendered very essential service to its success by talking in society of its merits. Mr. Hill established also *The Monthly Mirror*, which brought him much into connexion with dramatic poets, actors, and managers. To this periodical work, Kirke White became a contributor, and this encouragement induced

him, about the close of the year 1802, to commit a little volume of poetry to the press. Mr. Southey, in his *Life of Kirke White*, refers to Mr. Hill as possessing one of the most copious collections of English poetry in existence.

The *penchant* for collecting curiosities, when once imbibed, rarely leaves a man: he collects and disperses, and collects and disperses again; and so he reads the full page of human intellect to the end of the chapter: thus was it with Hill; and, although his first collection may have been scattered by the winds of adversity, he left an assemblage of literary rarities, which it occupied Evans, of Pall Mall, a clear week to sell by auction. The following details are selected from a few of the most conspicuous lots disposed of, with the names of the purchasers:—

(1516.) Theatrical.—Cook's Memoranda of the leading events of his own life, in his own handwriting, very curious. Tate Wilkinson: letter, giving an account of Mathews's acting at his theatre at Hull, curious, dated December 24, 1798, and giving to Mr. Hill a scene from the pen of Foote, the authenticity of which he guarantees. Letters of Lewis; Edwin, a very angry letter respecting a letter concerning him in the *Monthly Mirror*. Mrs. Gibbs, Liston, Mrs. Jordan, Kean, H. Johnstone, Miss Duncan, &c.—7*l.* 8*s.*

(1536.) Sheridan (Right Hon. R. B.) Letter to Ward, of Drury-lane Theatre, very characteristic, "Beg, borrow, steal, forge 10*l.* for me, and send by return of post." Letter to Ward, "Thou art a trusty man," &c. "As I have replaced the 10*l.*, you may reputably renew the theft," and two more of Sheridan.—3*l.* 18*s.* Young.

(1537.) Sheridan (Right Hon. R. B.) An afflicting letter on his "desperate situation." "I must render myself to-night," &c. Letter on the Speaker's interrupting him, but "I will take an opportunity to make the Speaker remember this," &c., and two more.—3*l.*

(1538.) Letter of James Heath to Sheridan, threatening to sell the portrait of St. Cecilia (Mrs. Sheridan) if the money were not paid, no matter what might be the consequences legally—a letter, (said Mr. Evans,) that was supposed to have affected Mr. Sheridan more acutely than any one he ever received.—2*l.* 7*s.* Lumley.

(1558.) Moore (T.) Letter to Perry, stating Lord Byron had just called on him to request him to use his influence with Mr. Perry to get a report of his speech in the House of Lords, as written out by himself, inserted in the *Chronicle*.—2*l.* Hodgson and Graves.

(1559.) Moore (T.) A very interesting Letter respecting Lord Moira's conduct when employed by the Regent to form a new Administration in 1812. Letter regretting the divisions among the Catholics on the Veto.—1*l.* 15*s.* Lumley.

(1561.) Coleridge (I. T.) A most interesting Letter to Perry—"Alas! dear Sir, how adversity tames us," his abhorrence of party trammels, and very spirited exposition of his feelings on the then passing political events. "It was in your paper that my first poetic efforts were brought before the public."—2*l.* 1*s.* Pickering.

(1564.) Harris (proprietor of Covent-garden Theatre) respecting the private boxes. O. Smith, the actor,—an admirable letter of remonstrance to the manager on being always placed in the character of a devil, demon, &c.; it preys on his spirits: "My infernal reputation follows me everywhere. No one will receive the devil into his society," &c. Sola, (the harp player,) a most whimsical letter to Mr. Hill respecting Paganini, in broken English and French.—2*l.* Bentley.

\* *Memoir in Bentley's Miscellany*, January 1841; with a Portrait, from an original Miniature, an admirable likeness.

† *Ibid.*



(1580.) Shenstone's Letters to Jago, the poet Graves, (author of the *Spiritual Quixote*), to Dodsley, Davenport, Whistler, to Bishop Percy, respecting the poetical translation of parts of *Ovid*, which he had sent to Shenstone for his opinion: "I have also read the *Essay on the present State of Learning*, by a Dr. Goldsmith, whom you know, and such as read it will desire to know," &c., upwards of 30 letters.—*71. 7a.*

(1595.) Miss Farron (afterwards Countess of Derby), four letters, one an interesting letter in reply to an application for materials for a life of her. A second containing corrections of errors in the *Monthly Mirror's* account of her life: "her first appearance was in Miss Hardcastle when she was 14." One as Countess of Derby.—*11. 9s. Holloway.*

(1598.) Porson. *Out of the Frying Pan into the Fire, a Tragi-Comi-Operatical Farce, by R.P.* A great literary curiosity. This very humorous and whimsical drama was written by Porson, when a scholar at Eton. It was "presented to the late Mr. Hill by Miss Lunan, daughter of Professor Porson's wife, by her first husband and niece of Mr. Perry." It was acted at Eton by himself and his schoolfellows, Dr. Goddall, Chafe, &c., Porson himself performing Punch. The existence of this drama was known, but it had hitherto escaped the public eye. "At this time (says Kidd, in his *Life of Porson*) R. P. was deeply smitten with a predilection for scenic exhibitions; and a sort of drama, composed by R. P. while at Eton, is still in the possession of certain ladies" (*id est*, the Misses Lunan). A letter of Mr. G. H. Barnett, which accompanies this, gives the names of the performers. *The Bishop of Durham*, who was at Eton with Porson.—*101. 13s.*

(1599.) *Porson's Drama*. A letter from Mr. F. Broderip, informing Mr. Hill he had obtained information of the performers in *Porson's Drama* from Mr. Richards, an old Etonian, in a letter which he encloses. The letter consists of four quarto pages, and gives very curious biographical notices of all the performers. This letter of Mr. Richards is, in reality, the composition of Mr. Theodore Hook. It is an admirable specimen of grave irony, and would have been worthy of a place in one of his most celebrated novels. A second letter of Mr. Broderip apologizes for the hoax practised on Mr. Hill, and confesses the letter of Mr. Richards to be the production of Mr. Hook's creative imagination.—*11. 11s.*

(1609.) Porson. A very singular letter to Porson from an anonymous correspondent, "begging he will wear the two waistcoats which accompany this note," Theodore Hook inviting Mr. Hill to Richmond: "Please to recollect that tide waits for no man, and time for no man but you, do not say pooh, pooh, but come," a playful letter. Kemble, "Stevens always seemed to be like the air, everywhere to be sure, but it cannot be said that anybody ever saw him." Mrs. Davison; a very playful letter.—*11. 10s.*

(1610.) Mozart.—A letter of extraordinary interest, dated Vienna, Sept. 1791, entirely in his own handwriting: in it he mentions his conviction of his approaching death, and that he is engaged in composing his own funeral dirge; he sees the Unknown Figure constantly before him. The autograph of Mozart is extremely rare, and this is perhaps the most interesting document in existence relating to this great composer and his last composition: he died Dec. 5, 1792. A translation and transcript of the letter were sold with it.—*51. 15s. 6d. Mr. J. Young.*

(1624.) Shakspeare Cup. Garrick's celebrated cup formed from the mulberry-tree planted by Shakspeare, and used by our modern Roscius at the representation of the Shakspeare Jubilee at Drury-lane Theatre; with an inscription on the stem from Garrick's Ode. "This cup is constructed from the mulberry-tree planted by the hand of Shakspeare; from it Garrick drank at the Jubilee, and Porson, Kemble, and other eminent men, have humbly bent the knee before this relic of genius. It produced 421., and was purchased by Mr. Jolly.

(1625.) Shakspeare.—A small vase mounted on a pedestal carved from the mulberry tree planted by Shakspeare; with a medallion of Shakspeare, and an inscription. Presented to Garrick by Mr. James Wickins of Lichfield. With a coloured drawing of it on vellum.—*101. 10s. Meek.*

(1626.) Pope's Willow.—A block of wood cut from the celebrated willow planted by Pope at his villa at Twickenham. Pope's celebrated weeping willow came originally from Spain, enclosing a present to Lady Suffolk, who came over with George II. and Queen Caroline, and was a favourite of both—particularly so of the King. Mr. Pope was in company when the covering was taken off the present; he observed the pieces of sticks appeared as if there were some vegetation, and added, "Perhaps they may produce something we have not in England." Under this idea he planted it in his garden, and it produced the willow-tree that has given birth to so many others. When Lord Mendip purchased Pope's villa at Twickenham, he made various alterations in the grounds, and ordered the willow to be cut down. It was then that the present block was obtained.—*11. 1s.*

Such are but a few of the relics assembled by "Tom Hill;" and now:

THOMA! VALE!—VALE! THOMA!

## TO THE ANGELS.

BRIGHT beings that kneel, in your vesture resplendent,

By day and by night in the presence of God,  
With your falchions of flame at his footstool attendant,

To guard the approach to Jehovah's abode:

Can I tell of your beauty, bright beings?—O never,  
Such glory would 'wilder terrestrial speech;  
Can I sing the loud song ye are singing for ever?  
Alas! where is man can such harmony reach?

Nay, first must the vision of Jacob be given—  
An army of angels descending by night,  
Coming down to the earth, mounting up to the heaven,  
And scatt'ring the gloom with their pinions of light.

And first must I hear, as was heard at Creation,  
The songs of the seraphs, the sons of the morn,  
When man, ere he fell from the pride of his station,

From earth, in the form of his Maker was born.

Or the strain that was sweeter, the song that was louder,

By shepherds once heard, and but once upon earth;

When hosannas resounded, whose triumph was prouder—

The Saviour incarnate was come to his birth!

Then, then, might I tell how your glory could darken

The orbs that are walking in brightness above,  
And would summon the earth's distant nations to hearken

To tales of your beauty, your might, and your love.

For we know, gentle spirits, we know that ye love us.

Unworthy, and wretched, and vile, tho' we be,  
We know ye are faithfully watching above us,  
In sorrow or joy, as our fortunes decree.

And methinks, tho' we see not your forms o'er us hovering,

Ofttimes when the Tempter would lead us astray,

There's a voice, "still and small," your kind presence discover'ing,

That bids us beware of the broad, trodden way.

\* These details have been abridged from *The Times*, March 18, 1841.

And how sad were our lot, if, so frail and degraded,  
No guardian watch'd o'er us by night and by day.

Were the valley of life to be trodden unaided,  
The pilgrim unguided to grope on his way.

But thanks to the God who hath made and defended,  
Whose mercies extend to the meanest of things,

We are guarded by spirits, by angels attended,  
And sit in the shadow of cherubim's wings.

E. M.

### M. CAZOTTE'S PROPHECIES.

CAZOTTE was distinguished in his day for the grace and ease of his poems. The facility with which he wrote was incredible. One day his brother was praising a new *opera buffa*, when he cried, "Only give me one word as a subject, and I'll engage to have such an opera ready by to-morrow." This was in the country, and a peasant happened to come in wearing his *sabots*. "Take *sabots* for the word," said his brother. Cazotte made all the company leave the room except young Rameau, the musician, and the next morning the popular opera of *Les Sabots* was finished, both words and music.

About the same time, Voltaire published his poem of the "Genevese War." A friend shewed him a manuscript copy. "Oh," said he, "you are behindhand: I have another canto at home, which I will bring you to-night." He sat down, and in the evening produced the additional canto, so perfectly in Voltaire's style, that everybody was deceived by it.

The most singular circumstance in his life is, that he was the first to announce the terrors of the French revolution, and the death of its principal victims. How this strange second-sight is to be accounted for we are unable to say, but that he did foretel events which nobody dreamed would ever come to pass we have abundant evidence.

The last time Cazotte came up to Paris, he was invited to dinner at M. Chamfort's. All the distinguished men of letters of the day were present. Among them were Condorcet, Vicq d'Azyr, de Nicolai, Bailly, de Malesherbes, Roucher, La Harpe, the Duchess of Grammont, and other ladies. The dinner was a gay one, and the dessert still more lively. The guests talked of everything, politics, religion, philosophy, and even the Deity. Of course his name was introduced only to express a doubt as to his existence. In those days, the philosophy of Voltaire carried everything before it. The party hailed with delight the progress of liberal ideas, and began to calculate the time when the great social revolution might be expected to take place. There were some, like Bailly, who expressed a

fear that, from their advanced age, they could not hope to witness it. One only of the guests remained sad and silent amid the general festivity. It was Cazotte.

"Yes, gentlemen," he broke silence at last, "we shall all witness it—the great and sublime revolution you anticipate; the decrees of Providence are immutable. The spirit teaches me that you will all witness it." And he fell back into a gloomy reverie. "To be sure, we all hope to witness, to take a part in that great deliverance," cried all the guests, "a man need not be a prophet to tell us that."

"A prophet! yes, I am one," replied Cazotte, aroused by the word. "I have witnessed within my mind the great tragedy of the revolution: I know everything that will happen. Do you wish, gentlemen, to be told what your share in it is to be, whether as actors or spectators?"

"Come," said Condorcet, with his usual sneering smile, "attention, Habakkuk is going to speak."

"As for you, M. de Condorcet," continued Cazotte, "you will die on the floor of a dungeon, maddened with the thought of having surrendered your country to the tyranny of brutal ignorance: you will die by poison, which you will take to avoid falling into the hands of the executioner."

The whole company was struck dumb. Cazotte turned to Champfort.

"As for you, M. de Champfort, you will open your veins in two-and-twenty places with a razor, and yet you will survive your two-and-twenty wounds two months."

Here Vicq d'Azyr began to chant the *De Profundis*.

"That is right, Vicq d'Azyr, it is time for you to sing your own funeral hymn. You will not open your own veins, for you will be afraid of your hand's trembling. You will ask a friend to do you that kindness in order to make sure, and you will die in the middle of the night in a fit of the gout, and bathed in your blood. Stop, look at that clock, it is going soon to strike the hour of your death."

The clock stood at a quarter to one. All the guests rose in their places by an involuntary movement. As they got up, Cazotte counted his victims, like a shepherd telling off his flock. "You will die on the scaffold," he said to M. de Nicolai, "and you too, M. Bailly, and you, M. de Malesherbes, and you, M. Roucher. The scaffold or suicide—such is your fate! and six years will not pass over our heads before everything I have said shall come to pass."

"Upon my word, you are dealing in miracles to-night," said La Harpe, "and you don't mean to let me have any share in them."

"You will be the subject of a miracle the full as extraordinary. I see you beat-



ing your breast and kneeling humbly before the altar; I see you kissing the hand of one of those priests whom you now scoff at; I see you seeking for peace of mind in the shade of a cloister, and asking pardon of your sins at the confessional."

"Ah, I am easy now," cried Champfort, "if we are none of us to perish till La Harpe turns Christian!"

"We ladies shall be lucky then," observed the Duchess de Grammont, "in having no share in this revolution. Of course we shall take an interest in it, but it is understood that we are to be spared, and our sex will protect us, of course."

"It may be so; but one thing is certain, that your grace will be led to the scaffold, you and many other ladies with you, in a cart, and with your hands tied."

"I hope that in that case they will give me a carriage lined with black, at any rate."

"No, no, ladies; and greater ladies than even you will go there in the same way, in a cart, and with their hands tied."

"Only hear him!" said the duchess, turning to Champfort, "I suppose he won't even let me have a confessor."

"No, madam," replied the inexorable soothsayer; "you will not have a confessor; neither you nor any one else. The last person executed, who will be allowed one, as a special favour, will be——" Here he paused.

"Well, who is the happy mortal who is to enjoy this distinguished privilege?"

"It is the only one that will be left to the King of France."

After this prediction, since become so famous, adds his biographer, inasmuch as fate seemed to take a pleasure in fulfilling every word of it, Cazotte took his leave, and quitted the room, leaving the guests silent and awe-struck.

It may be interesting to know the end of this modern prophet.

When the revolution broke out, Cazotte opposed it strenuously: he endeavoured to check its progress by his writings, but he was unsuccessful. His correspondence with a royalist agent having been seized on the 10th of August, 1792, he was arrested and confined in the Abbaye. After an examination, which lasted thirty-six hours, he was condemned to death. It is said that the public accuser could not refrain from paying a tribute of praise to the man whose life he sought to take. "Why," he said to Cazotte, "why am I forced to find you guilty after seventy-two years of virtue?"

The judge who pronounced his sentence considered him an extraordinary man, and told him, "Look death in the face without fear; remember that it has nothing to astonish or grieve you. There is nothing in the prospect of death to alarm a man like you."

He died courageously on the 25th of September, saying, "My dear wife, my dear children, do not weep; do not forget me, but above all, remember never to offend God."—*From the French.*

## RECOLLECTIONS OF A COLD WINTER.

(Concluded from page 184.)

THE last glimmer of day faded from the sky, which had stretched in broad yellow radiance above the dimly-seen hills of New-Jersey, but the night being without a moon, the stars crowded out in soft rich clusters, beaming and sparkling above my head with beautiful and unwonted splendour. As I gazed up, a sensation of weariness came over me. I had exerted myself much beyond my strength, and now that the evening breeze blew upon me, I felt chilled, tired, and exhausted. Anxious to reach home, however, I called up all my strength, and made the best of my way towards the city, which lay far before me, the countless lights flashing out from its dark heavy mass. But the maxim of the inspired Roman poet, however oft quoted, I found again sadly applicable to my present condition. *Facilis descensus Averni, &c.* I recalled my steps with great difficulty, and, among many obstructions, I found it a laborious task to gain a way with my feet through the icy masses which now appeared to lie around me in greater numbers. I sometimes had to pick my steps with toil and awkwardness, where my skates were rather an incumbrance than an assistance, and, at length, in climbing over a line of confused broken pieces of ice, a strap which bound the skate to my right foot snapped asunder, and I found every endeavour to repair it fruitless. I was compelled then to disembarass both my feet, with the agreeable prospect of finishing my expedition by walking—an exercise which, even on *terra firma*, I did not care to have thus unceremoniously thrust upon me, but which now, hungry, faint, fatigued, far from home and on ice, was a peculiarly unpleasant mode of conveyance. My chagrin was considerably enhanced too, and some serious fears flashed across my mind with a force which rendered all my previous troubles comparatively insignificant, on finding that the ice was evidently undergoing a thaw—its surface being half an inch under water, which, in some places, appeared of a much greater depth. "Good heavens?" I exclaimed aloud, now truly and justly alarmed, "the ice is breaking up!"

I looked anxiously around. Not a being was to be seen. No boat, of course, of any description could penetrate here—no vessel was in my neighbourhood—and if there had been, of what use would she be to me, if, as

I now feared, the ice was melting. I examined the surface around me. It was evidently yielding to the influence of the warmth of a remarkably mild evening, and perhaps the restless and powerful tides. In many places more elevated it was still wet and soft, and, at length, to my unutterable horror and despair, I perceived that I stood upon a mass which was almost detached from that above me, and swayed around with a heavy, slow motion—a mere island—about to float off to sea. I shuddered with cold horror. My heart beat quick. My eyes glanced wildly around in fruitless search of some means of escape. I could not swim, and not even a plank appeared in sight. "Is it possible?" at length I thought. "Has my time at length arrived? Shall I cease to exist before the morning? Shall I never see the sun again? Those dear friends who are waiting for me now at home, can it be that I have parted from them for ever—forever and ever?" These thoughts rolled tumultuously through my mind, while I was striving continually to dash through the little sea which began already to encompass me. I tried in twenty places to regain the main fields, which I hoped might be yet attached to the shore; but wherever I advanced, the water spread around me, baffling my endeavours, and, in several places, the unstable material on which I stood, bent fearfully beneath my tread. Once my foot broke through, and the cold element chilled me with a feeling of approaching death. Wet, exhausted, hopeless and desperate, I felt that it became me to collect my energies and perish—if I must perish—with the composure and dignity of an honest man and a Christian. I addressed a prayer, therefore, to the merciful Power which had called me into being, and then climbed up on a hill of wet ice, several pieces of which crumbled at my touch. With the blood curdling in my veins, I here saw the piece upon which I had been encompassed, gradually and with a heavy crash disjoined from the rest, so that the flood of the river, swollen by a long restrained current, gushed up upon the fragment and almost flowed to my feet.

"Heaven receive me," I murmured, closing my eyes and clasping my hands convulsively together, as I felt myself in motion, and saw the clear cold water, now on every side of me, washing against my frail bark, and sparkling in the dim star-light. I was aroused by a voice. A rush of tumultuous hope poured in upon my soul. I sprang up and shouted; the voice replied,

"For God's sake, who is there? I am in danger of my life. Can you aid me?"

"Gracious Heaven!" I exclaimed, tears of anguish bursting from my eyes at this cruel disappointment. "We are both lost,

then. I am drowning. We must perish together!"

I heard a groan of horror, and then dimly through the dark shadows I could discover a horseman dismounted.

"You have a horse," I said, a hope of life again shooting through my heart.

"I thought," replied the stranger, "that I could cross the river on horseback, but I am adrift."

"Leap into the water with your horse," I said; "he can carry us both to the shore."

"He is already spent," replied the man, "and I dare not leap into the cold water; I should freeze to death or drown. May Heaven have mercy on our souls! for this is our last night."

"Do not die," shouted I, "without an effort; your horse will carry us safely across. Try him, if you would ever see daylight again?"

My words aroused him. I saw him mount the animal, who started, as if himself fully sensible of his danger.

"I will take the leap, friend," he cried; "but, should I perish, promise me, in case of your escape, to go to —, and inform my wife and children that I blessed them in my last moments. I have seen many nights of peril, but never before one like this."

After giving to me a promise of a nature similar to that which he had exacted, he dashed the rowels into the flanks of his affrighted steed, who reared again, and started back from the brink. At length, however, a deep heavy plunge announced that they were committed to the flood. A groan and shriek rose above the rush of the water, then for a moment all was still. I listened, in an agony of suspense. There was again a splashing, and smothered screams, bubbling, as the waters died around their victim. I heard no more, except the measured strokes of the steed, and a snorting and peculiar neighing, singularly expressive of terror. In a little while this, too, ceased, and everything was silent. I flung myself down, and buried my face in my hands, stunned. It was a blessing that my senses left me.

\* \* \* \* \*

I awoke with my dear mother's hand upon my forehead. I had been discovered at daybreak upon the fragment of ice, which had lodged near Governor's Island, and a small boat had taken me off. For a week I had been raving, and my life nearly given over. I heard, with curious feelings, my mother subsequently remark upon my good fortune, in having escaped, as she had learned from the papers, that a man, on the same night, had perished in an attempt to cross the river with a horse.

SEDLAY.

MR. PERCIVAL JENKS AND HIS  
BLIGHTED ATTACHMENT.

THE ballet had concluded; the lustres of the chandelier had ceased to vibrate with the last plaudits; the men had already appeared in the slips to shroud the fronts of the boxes with their dingy canvas; and the people in the dress-circle, who commenced getting up and looking after their gloves and boas when the blue fire of the last scene was ignited by the men with the lucifer-matches behind the wings, had already gained the lobby. The fall of the drop-curtain had dispelled the charm. The bright eyes of the *coryphées* were veiled, and the last glimpse of their satin-shod and twinkling feet, had been snatched away; in fact, sylphs had yielded to everyday mortals, and the Danube's flowery banks to Brydges-street and Vinegar-yard; when Mr. Percival Jenks elbowed his way out of the pit, and marched, with excited feelings and romantic thoughts, in the direction of the Strand. We wish we could tell what Mr. Percival Jenks was; but *that* was never known to a soul except his employer—not even to the landlady of the tenement, in whose apartments he occupied a second-floor back bedroom. The good lady knew he was “something in a house in the city;” but her information extended no further. What were his favourite pursuits, however, and his usual habits—his instinctive economy, we were about to say, in compliance with the scientific taste of the age—was less occult. In winter he led a chrysalis kind of life—not exactly buried in dirt, with his arms and legs tucked up against his ribs, but wrapped up within himself, as it were, (for his duffel dressing-gown, which he delighted to indulge in when at home, was his own epitome,) and seldom stirring out beyond his usual compulsory attendance at his situation, except on an occasional pantomimical excursion, or shilling's-worth of harmony and “hot with” at the Eagle. But at the first approach of Spring, Mr. Percival Jenks followed up his entomological analogy, and burst forth into light and life, in company with everything else around him; from the black-laden aspirants to vegetation in the squares, to the solitary hyacinth, that bloomed from a cracked water-caraf on his mantelpiece. The first gleam of a sunny afternoon was celebrated by the investment of a certain sum in a bottle of reviver, for the improvement of his frock-coat; and having well humoured his hat with a wet brush, and inked the edges, carefully pasting pieces of card inside, to act as splints to the fractured tissues of the crown, he washed his silk gloves, bought a light-blue, figured satin stock, allowed his hair to grow somewhat longer than ordinary, and studiously dressing himself every day on

his return from the city, would then turn out in all the pride of his appearance, and believe himself a man about town—one of that lonely, unknown class, the sole end of whose existence appears to be the accomplishment of a certain number of turns up and down Regent-street, unrecognising and unrecognised, with the idea that they hold their unheeded station in society by this diurnal labour.

Perhaps it was Mr. Percival Jenks's extreme susceptibility that drove him to become a *flâneur*—a word of our neighbours which expresses so well the idle loiterer of a fashionable promenade. Beauty was the sole idea of his life. His bed-room was adorned with all sorts of coloured lithographed ladies with large curls and eyes; and it is probable that his daily walks were to the intent of meeting, or attracting the passing attention of, some realization of his ideal divinities. His promenade was not often varied. He had a great regard for Hanway-street, in which little thoroughfare he affirmed you met more nice women than anywhere else in London; and then walking along Oxford-street, he visited the Pantheon, for the sake of smiling blandly, as he passed, upon a very pretty girl who kept a stall there, and with whom he would fain have laid out some money, for the sake of an instant's conversation, only, in the first place, he had none to spare, and next, baby-linen and worked aprons were not much in his line. After having gazed at the gold fish and cockatoos in the conservatory, with as much interest as if he had never seen them before, he rested for a few minutes in the cigar-divan-looking room at the Marlborough-street door, and thence descending to the Quadrant, returned home by Piccadilly and the Burlington Arcade. This route he would occasionally vary; but it was his most general circuit, and at last he got upon the free list of the street sweepers, who gave him up for a bad job, seeing that he never responded to their solicitations, and so they never wasted their petitions when they came to know him. When he had walked himself weary, and the streets began to thin, he dined at a modest eating-house in Long Acre, and then generally concluded the evening at some place of public amusement.

It was coming from Drury-Lane Theatre that we first presented him to the reader; and, like Romeo, we introduced him sighing and in love, for his heart had been that night suddenly taken by storm. The third ballet-girl from the left-hand stage-box, with the golden belt and green wreath, in the *Pas de Guirlands*, or *lyres*, or *umbrellas*, or something of the kind, had enslaved his susceptible affections. He mechanically wandered to a neighbouring tavern, and bespoke his supper; but the beautiful *dansuse* still haunted him, and the harmony of that con-

vivial resort of play-goers fell unheeded on his ear. He thought of naught but *her*. Now her image dwindled to fairy dimensions, stood poised on the top of his roast potatoe, now she laughingly skimmed the frothy surface of his pint of stout, and anon, rose playfully bewitching amidst the smoke of his cigar.

When a man is at all in love, a glass of brandy-and-water wonderfully deepens his affections, and throws a romantic halo round the beloved object. Matchmaking people who give evening parties know this axiom well; or they would not be so lavish of their iced punch and champagne, to whose combined influence so many proposals are in debt. *Par consequence*, Mr Jenks, having slightly indulged, arrived at home in a state bordering on delirium, his thoughts being wildly thrown about in his brain; but amidst the confusion of ideas the ballet-girl was still floating uppermost, like a nut tossed about in the middle gutter of Botolph-lane. The lodgers who resided in the same house were alarmed at the frequent sounds of ten fantastic toes falling anything but lightly on the floor of Mr Jenks's room for half-an-hour after he went up stairs with his candle; and one of those who had the curiosity to look through the keyhole of his room, reported that he saw Percival, in an aerial ballet-dress, composed of a red pocket-handkerchief, girding his blue-striped night-shirt round the waist, throwing himself into strange pantomimic attitudes before the looking-glass, chiefly expressive of eternal love, which he several times performed in the most approved fashion, by rapping his chest violently and rapidly with his right hand, and then raising it towards the skies, or rather, where they were supposed to be. At last, he got tired, and putting out his candle bounded into bed, after missing his aim and springing against the post; for mankind had not yet arrived at the luxury of a self-extinguisher—a dreadful little instrument, that embraces the wick with a *pop!* which frightens you to death for the first three months you use it. But even in the dark his thoughts still wandered to the beautiful dancer, and he pictured her, all smiles and attitudes, hovering about his French bed, and dancing a *pas seul* upon the wash-hand-stand, until he went to sleep, when he dreamt he was a young Arcadian bacchanal, with roses in his hair, receiving wine from his goddess, who stood on the toe of one foot as she poured it out, while she flung the other several inches higher than her own head.

He awoke in the morning from his blissful slumbers, feverish and unsettled. The head clerk at his "house in the city" discovered him drawing little opera-dancers all over his blotting-paper, and his accounts were so very unsatisfactory that he was obliged to

stay two hours after-time to make them up. At half-price, nevertheless, he was at the play again: his whole existence centred in an airy compound of clear muslin and white satin that was twirling about the stage. The play-bill afforded him no clue to her name, or he would have called for her when the curtain fell. In vain he looked upon the long list of Misses Farebrother, Lane, Griffiths, Sutton, Payne, Marshall, Valenduke, and company. These he knew, but the other's appellation still remained a mystery. He went again the next night, and the next, and the next. But at length, he began to find his exchequer would not stand this continued run of dissipation. The pit had already given way to the two-shilling gallery, and the two-shilling gallery in turn had yielded to the celestial portion of the house above it. Mr Percival Jenks had much internal combating before he could descend to this elevation, if we may express the change thus paradoxically; but love overcame all his other senses. As the money fell short, even this was given up, and he had now no other alternative but to wait at the stage door for the chance of seeing the lady of his heart.

Here, then, for several nights did he take his stand amongst the crowd of shabby idlers who loiter about the avenues of a theatre. How anxiously he counted out the house! First came the orchestra, then the peasants and villagers, then the second-rate actors, next the stars, and finally, the scene-shifters; but no vision of the ballet-girl greeted his vision. Sometimes he imagined that such an aerial creature disdained the earth, and evaporated through the chandelier, or left the house by some equally strange manœuvre—so fair a creation could never belong to the faded cloaks and drabby bonnets that issued from the theatrical sanctum.

(To be concluded in our next.)

## Arts and Sciences.

### ANTARCTIC DISCOVERY.

It may be recollected that the *Erebus* and *Terror* discovery ships sailed from England about eighteen months ago, under the command of Captain James Clark Ross, R. N., and Commander Crozier; their main object being to ascertain the true position of the South Magnetic Pole, and to make a series of magnetic observations on their route; the first station being at Madeira, where they put in and stopped several days. Thence they proceeded to St. Helena and the Cape of Good Hope, at which places they fitted up observatories, and left officers of sufficient scientific attainments to superintend them. Kerguelen's Land was next

visited, where, and at Sabrina Land, further observations on the magnet were made; and they arrived safe at Hobart Town, Van Dieman's Land, about the middle of last August. There Captain Ross met his old friend, Sir John Franklin, the governor, from whom he received every possible attention and assistance; and there also, having fitted up an observatory, the explorers proceeded on their voyage about the 26th of October, that being the date of their last letters, at which time they were on the eve of their departure. Captain Ross, the nephew of Sir John Ross, is the same officer who, in June, 1831, planted the British flag at the North Magnetic Pole, and has, in his voyages to the Arctic Seas with his uncle and Sir Edward Parry, passed eight winters and fourteen summers in those dreary regions. It appears that on Captain Ross' arrival at Hobart Town, as above stated, he learned that since he had quitted England, two expeditions had been fitted out, one by the French, the other by the Americans, for the apparent purpose of anticipating the objects of discovery in the South; but the ships being ill-suited to encounter the icebergs, and their commanders never, it is believed, having seen any before, they gave up the pursuit, to be accomplished, it is hoped, by our own intrepid countrymen. It is known to be Captain Ross' intention to go direct to the South Pole, which he expects, from calculations made before he left England, to find about south latitude 68°, east longitude 144°; and it is believed that observations since made nearer the spot tend to confirm him in the same opinion.—*Abridged from the Times.*

### New Books.

*A Summer's Day at Windsor, and a Visit to Eton.* By Edward Jesse.

THE very favourable reception by the public of Mr Jesse's account of Hampton Court, has induced him to undertake the present volume—a similar notice of Windsor and its localities. The book is altogether neatly put together: it is more gossiping than Mr. Charles Knight's accurate *Windsor Guide*: and occasionally we find information such as may be expected from Mr. Jesse, as Surveyor of Her Majesty's Parks and Palaces. Of course, any person seeking the architectural history of Windsor Castle, will prefer the elaborate work in progress from the materials assembled by the late Sir Jeffry Wyatville; whilst to the visitor, Mr. Jesse's volume will be much more acceptable.

#### Eton College.

From Eton College, the author tells us, have issued some of our greatest statesmen, philosophers and poets. "Here, amongst other great men, Sir Robert Walpole, Har-

ley, Earl of Oxford, Lord Bolingbroke, Earl Camden, the celebrated Earl of Chatham, Oughtred the mathematician, Boyle the philosopher, Lord Lyttleton, Gray, Horace Walpole, West, Waller, Fox, Canning, the great and learned Marquis Wellesley, the historian Hallam, and though last, by no means least, the Duke of Wellington, were educated. Here probably the impulses of ambition were first excited in their breasts, and they were warmed with the flush of those glorious feelings, the outbreaking of which has made their names an honour to their country. Of the numerous great and good men who have been educated at Eton, how many, perhaps, in the zenith of their fame, have revisited its classic shades, and acknowledged how far more preferable was the freshness of heart which accompanied the thoughtless schoolboy, to all the laurels which they had since reaped! How many, perhaps, beneath its venerable elms, have wept over their early friendships, and breathed a sigh at the recollection of the day when they were launched from the sunny stream of childhood into the stormy ocean of public life."

The stranger "must not forget to visit the interior of the upper and lower schools, on the walls of which he will discover the names of many celebrated men who have been educated at Eton, and which Pepys tells us, in his *Memoirs*, they were in the habit of carving on the shutters of the windows in his time."

#### Windsor Castle

is described as it existed under each sovereign, through nearly eight centuries, the most important epoch being the reign of Edward III., when no part of William the Norman's castle was preserved, except three towers at the west-end of the lower ward. The tower in which William of Wykeham resided, (as clerk of the works, with a shilling a day,) is still called after him, Winchester Tower. It is a singular fact that this also was the residence of Sir Jeffry Wyatville. Every endeavour has been made to discover the stone whereon Wykeham cut

#### "HOC FECIT WYKEHAM,"

but without finding it. It certainly was in existence before the extensive alterations of the Castle in the reign of George IV.

In an extract from the diary of a foreigner who visited Windsor Castle in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, we are told that, among other things, was then shewn at the Castle, "the horn of a unicorn, of above 8½ spans in length, valued at above 10,000*l.*"

An old writer thus describes Cromwell at Windsor: "A coat of mail concealed beneath his dress—his steps slow as he sauntered along the terrace of the Castle—and his mind apparently abstracted in thought—



while he occasionally threw furtive glances on each side of him, as if in perpetual dread of the stroke or bullet of the assassin."

In the reign of Charles II., "the beautiful Nell Gwyn had for some time a house in the vicinity of Windsor, and here the royal voluptuary often passed the night in company with her and those choice spirits whom wit or profligacy had recommended to his favour. When, at a later period, he became less awed at the remonstrances of the few wise men who surrounded him, the fair actress became an inmate of the castle itself, and the most luxurious apartments were set apart for her use." Nell Gwyn's pair of bellows is in the plate-room of Windsor Castle. Her bed, which was removed from her house at Bray, may now be seen at the Castle Inn, Windsor.

#### *The Disinterment of Charles I.*

is minutely related; and in a note, Mr. Jesse relates that one of the present attendants in the chapel informed him that he was present at the exposure of the head of Charles I., and that he immediately knew it from the strong resemblance it bore to the pictures of that king by Vandyke.

#### *St. George's Chapel,*

with its interesting tombs and relics, is well described; and we are glad to perceive that Mr. Jesse does not spare the Chapter for their parsimony, in his expression of regret at seeing the very dirty and dilapidated state of this beautiful chapel. The west window is in a dangerous condition, and liable to be blown in during any violent gale of wind. Some external parts of the chapel have been repaired with cement instead of stone! The interior stonework, and some of the emblazoned arms on the ceiling, have been white-washed, and other cheap recourses for repairs have been resorted to. A chapter with a revenue of 21,000*l.* a-year should have been less economical. We might mention the Horse-shoe Cloisters, the Bell-tower, and the vile *brickwork* adjoining the Deanery, and refer also to the sacred altar, which, on week-days, looks like a bookstall; but enough has been said.

#### *The Round Tower,*

with the fates of its royal and noble captives, is the text for a very attractive chapter. It is illustrated with a clever view of the entrance; and a *fac-simile* of the names and coats of arms which were cut by some of the prisoners on the stones in their places of confinement, and which have been carefully preserved in that part of the prison-house now occupied by the housekeeper of the Castle, the Lady Mary Fox.

#### *The Terrace,*

originally raised by Queen Elizabeth, on the north side of the Castle, and afterwards extended by Charles II. along the east and

south sides, measured 1876 feet. We quite agree with Mr. Jesse, that the statues and vases in the new garden are perfectly out of character with the place. "Gladiators, nymphs, and Cibber's vases, have nothing in common with a Gothic castle." Besides, they are most ineffectively placed; and the sooner they are restored to their old pedestals at Hampton-court, the better. It should be added that a new garden is projected for the Castle, which shall be a more worthy appendage to this truly regal pile.\*

#### *Internal Improvements.*

The new Corridor is, perhaps, the finest part of the Castle. The ceiling is richly embellished, while on each side are bronzes, marbles, busts, pictures, (an almost unequalled collection of Canaletti's,) the finest cabinets, &c.

The other apartments which have been constructed for the use of the Royal Family and household, are 369 on the east and south sides alone. The ground floor, a part of which was inhabited by George III., is now set apart for the officers of the establishment. In the same room, both George IV. and William IV. breathed their last. It is not only one of the most cheerful rooms in the Castle, but certainly one of the most beautiful.

The Queen's Library, comprising a part of "Queen Elizabeth's Apartments," consists of three rooms, filled with books, some of them extremely rare and curious. At a short distance is a Print-room, said to contain a collection of drawings and engravings worth 30,000*l.*

The magnificent statue of George IV., by Chantrey, is perhaps his finest work. The marble is said to have cost 700*l.* in the quarry in Italy. It is, however, ill-placed.

#### *The Parks.*

Mr. Jesse relates that the Long Walk was once continued up to the present grand entrance into the Castle. There are likewise some interesting accounts of old trees, the best views of the Castle, and bits of the picturesque, the result of Mr. Jesse's long acquaintance with the localities.

It should be added that the work is profusely embellished; the architectural subjects being from drawings by Mr. Shaw, which is a sufficient guarantee for their accuracy. They are beautifully executed. The Frontispiece is a folding plan of the Castle, from a drawing by Sir Jeffry Wyattville.

\* It is somewhat unreasonable in Mr. Jesse to laud, in the same page, Sir Jeffry Wyattville, for his work of renovation and reconciliation, and to regret that specimens of the architecture of different ages have not been handed down unimpaired to posterity. Such incongruities were unworthy of preservation; and the formation of one grand whole was far more desirable.



## Public Exhibitions.

## THE SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS.

THE private view of the Society's Exhibition took place on Saturday last, previous to its being opened to the public on the following Monday. The rooms were crowded throughout the day with titled and opulent patrons, distinguished artists, and other visitors of discrimination. The collection of pictures, as a whole, certainly does not rise in merit above that of last year: there are upwards of eight hundred paintings and water-colour subjects: portraits are scarcely so numerous as usual; of historical there is but a slight sprinkling; but of landscape an abundance, such as well befits an Exhibition of British art; for what country in the world affords more pleasing scenes for this school than our own loved land. In this collection, the home counties have yielded some exquisite cabinet pictures: from Surrey, for example, there are many charming bits of picturesque.

The most important contributions to the collection are, unquestionably, those by Mr Hurlstone, President of the Society. The first of these is No. 21, *The Convent of St. Isidoro, a group near the Convent door, the Monks giving away provisions*. The grouping of this picture is strikingly artistic; in colouring it approaches Murillo; the distance is the least meritorious portion: it is, however, "the picture" of the Exhibition. No. 90, *A Mariner Boy of the Levant*, is a truly picturesque portrait. No. 119, *Portrait of T. Gladstone, Esq.*, is an admirable likeness. No. 292, *The Guardians of the Flock*, represents two shepherd boys, embryo brigands, the one asleep, and the other awake; and their two "famous wolf dogs," Lion and Justice of the Peace. The distance is an exquisite landscape of Calabria: the design of this picture is admirable; and the colouring is almost indescribably rich; the painter having evidently caught the brilliancy and mellow light of the old masters, which he has blended with extraordinary skill. Mr. Hurlstone's other pictures are portraits, the most pleasing of which is No. 64, *A Lady and Child*.

No. 28, *The Opening of the Sixth Seal*, J. Gray, is an indifferent specimen of an indifferent class. No. 56, *A Day's Pleasure*, is a scene of familiar life, by E. Prentis; it represents what Rabelais called "the worst half-hour in life," calling for the reckoning, and paying it. A jovial party are seen around a table in a tavern parlour, and the emptied decanters, and nearly emptied claret-jugs denote their potations deep: the "chairman" is scrutinizing the bill, the waiter submissively stands by; some of the bon-

vivans are *fumeurs*: in short, they are in various stages of repletion—we hope

"implentur veteris Bacchi."

The sash of the window is thrown up, and a charming country is seen in the distance, which, in its freshness, contrasts well with the sickly sentimentality of the party indoors: the upset chair at the waiter's feet is a licence; an attentive "fellow" would instantly have picked it up. Perhaps the scrutiny of the bill is best depicted: the *tipsiness of the ensemble* may be objected to even by the admirers of "Dutch boors," and other pictorial sensualities. At all events, there is little or none of the *caricatura* style in this painting: indeed, its truth may, with some persons, be its demerit: it appears likely to be a very attractive picture in the exhibition-room.

Mr. Hofland has contributed three pictures—the *Forum, Pompeii*; a *Scene in the grounds of the Village Borghese, Rome*; and *Ruins of the Palace of the Cæsars, at Rome*; the latter, a sketch painted on the spot. These are the first-fruits of the painter's recent sojourn in Italy; and more important labours will, doubtless, follow.

(To be continued.)

## Obituary.

MR. JAMES O'CONNOR.

DIED, on the 4th inst., at Brompton, in his 49th year, Mr. James O'Connor, a landscape painter of deservedly high reputation. His rocky woodlands and his deep-embosomed lakes have made their own impression on the visitors to the Royal Academy and the principal exhibitions. He brooded, like the genius of Ireland, over the most romantic and beautiful of her scenes; and he afterwards thought those snatches of natural and legendary interest into painted poems, as they exist in his pictures. With a free, bold hand, he piled up Salvator-like masses of dark rock; and, as a Ruysdael, poured the foaming torrent over their broken and precipitous sides. Mr. O'Connor was born in Dublin, and was early trained to imitative art by his father, an engraver, whose profession he embraced and followed for a time, but afterwards devoted himself exclusively to landscape painting. Deep feeling for nature distinguished all his works, and their sentiment struck the spectator even before he had time to admire the breadth and freedom of their execution. They will, alas for the cause! rise in value now.—*The Atlas*.

*News for the Fair*.—In no part of her Majesty's dominions is there so great a deficiency of females as in the island of Singapore.—*Lord Jocelyn*.

### The Gatherer.

*Talking to Foreign Strangers* is like writing down our thoughts in a book which is never to be read.—*Lady Chatterton.*

*Dresden* continually reminds me of London; the dark, smoky-looking buildings, with their small, narrow windows, which, unlike those in most German houses, are even with the outer wall, and not sunk deeply into it. This gives a cold, thin, and comfortless appearance to the houses, like those in the old streets of London, as Conduit-street, Jermyn-street, &c.—*Ibid.*

"German is the language of melancholy, Italian of love, French of wit, English of sense, Spanish of gallantry," said, I think, Charles V.—*Ibid.*

*The Library at Dresden*, according to Lady Chatterton, is conducted on a most liberal plan: any one, on a guarantee which is easily obtained, is allowed not only to read, but to take the books away. Why should London be behind Dresden in the literary luxury of a lending library?

*German Bed.*—To look at a German bed, one would say that it was destined for a dwarf with an enormous head, for the pillows are always half as large as the entire bed. Among travellers, remedies for the discomfort of German beds are as numerous, and alas! as ineffectual, as recipes for seasickness; yet every one has his own favourite means of trying to procure a night's rest. Some tie the bed-clothes upon them; but I am too light to try this plan, for as I generally find my *decke* (quilt) on the floor, if I were tied to it I should certainly accompany it in its descent.—*Lady Chatterton.*

*German Stoves.*—I like these hard, dismal-looking things better every day. But they would never do in our beloved land of fire-side enjoyment. The English have not, by nature, sufficient sociability in their dispositions to do without a visible fire. A cheerful blaze is necessary to them, their innate shyness and reserve, and to form a central point of union.—*Ibid.*

*A Truth.*—An extreme thirst for knowledge seldom belongs to a very happy disposition, nor indeed is it conducive to happiness.

*A Hint.*—Might not much good be done in education by a greater attention to the importance of association of ideas. Might not darkness be deprived of its terrors, and even bodily suffering or pain be made to produce in after-life some benefit?—*Lady Chatterton.*

*British Museum.*—The Queen has lately presented to the Museum several specimens of the ingenuity of aboriginal inhabitants of New Caledonia, Isle of Pines, &c. These

articles have been deposited in cases 33 and 34, in a spacious apartment at the top of the principal staircase: they comprise costume, furniture, spears, hatchets, and other implements of war. Among them, too, is a lady's bonnet from Navigator's Island, exquisitely formed of small pieces of tortoise-shell.—*Observer.*

*French Revolution, 1830.*—The names of those who fell in this Revolution are engraved in gold letters on bronze tablets round the piers in the centre of the Pantheon, at Paris, but blank spaces are left, which, Lady Chatterton shrewdly supposes, are reserved to immortalize those who should happen to fall in the next successful revolution.

*The Chinese.*—The representations of these remarkable people and their country upon porcelain, or "china," have been usually condemned as ill-drawn and faithless, but unworthily so. Lord Jocelyn, in his account of the Chinese Expedition, observes: "Since I have seen many of the houses and temples of the Chinese, the paintings on the old china imported into England struck me as the best delineation of the buildings and figures of these extraordinary people; and it is wonderful how correct they are in the main features."

*Opium-street.*—One of the streets in the centre of the town of Singapore is wholly devoted to shops for the sale of opium; and here in the evening may be seen, after the labours of the day are over, crowds of Chinese, who seek these places to satisfy their depraved appetites.—*Lord Jocelyn.*

*Pine-apples*, at Singapore, although not equal to those of the English hot-house, bear no comparison, from their superior flavour, with the same fruit of either East or West Indian growth. Here they are in such abundance that captains of ships frequently purchase them by boat-loads to scour their decks; which, from the acidity they possess, they have the property of whitening.—*Ibid.*

#### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

*Thanks to L. P. S. The "Bird's Nest" has, we think, appeared before.*

*The Scraps sent by Stephen have already been printed many times.*

*Is not the "Sleepy Partner" C-II?*

*Intelligible: "To S. T." by A. G.—"Lines on Netley Abbey," by L.—"On Time,"—"Sea-shore Hymn," and "Reminiscences of Dreams," by H. G.—"An Hour among the Trees," by C.*

*At the Publisher's are Communications for W. G. C.—E. T. C.—Laura Cecilia—and G. (Engravings.)*

*Accepted: "Tears."—"Song of Youth."—"Lines on a Lady Smiling."—"Duelling"—perhaps.*

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